

SEARLES FINDS HIS MEMORY.

Not About Sugar Trust Affairs, but Concerning His Housekeeper.

NO ROAST BEEF FOR HELP.

Because Mrs. Tierney Gave the Searles Servants Beef She Was Dismissed.

MUTTON STEW GOOD ENOUGH.

The Jury Took Mrs. Tierney's Word Against That of the Millionaire and Gave Her a Judgment for All That It Could.

Even the possession of millions does not disturb the dark law. "Whosoever liveth in the country, he shall wrestle with his man servant and his maid servant, and they shall leave him even to the fourth generation."—Modern Law.

John E. Searles, the millionaire secretary of the Sugar Trust, has more trouble on his mind than fear of imprisonment for refusing to tell how the Sugar Trust does its business.

His housekeeper yesterday got a judgment against him for wages, with all a sympathetic jury could add. John E. Searles runs his household on business principles, but as business principles when made too exact are likely to cause rebellion among workmen, so came the trouble in his household.

It is all traceable to the refusal of the millionaire to allow the housekeeper to feed the servants on roast beef. Mutton stew was the expression of the millionaire's idea of the proper diet for his household force. At least that is what Mrs. Tierney, the housekeeper, said. Mr. Searles swore he did not say anything of the kind, but the jury, after being instructed to weigh the evidence, found the sugar king's short weight and gave Mrs. Tierney a verdict for \$300.00, the full amount sued for, interest, and \$100 additional for her expenses while she was finding another place. Mrs. Tierney came to the Searles establishment from Joseph C. Hoagland's place, on Clinton avenue, Brooklyn.

Suit in the Supreme Court.
The suit was tried in the Supreme Court, Brooklyn.

The testimony developed that Mr. Searles engaged Mrs. Tierney just before they moved from the town house, 810 St. Mark's avenue, to the Break Hill, the Summer home at Buzzard's Bay. The negotiations were concluded on May 1.

To her lawyer's request for a repetition of what the recalcitrant sugar magnate told her the insurgent housekeeper quoted emphatically:

"I want a person who is competent to take entire charge of my house, hire the servants, keep the accounts, do the buying and all the rest of things. I want all this business taken off my wife's shoulders."

Mrs. Tierney said that was the sort of position she was accustomed to fill, and fully competent to manage the Searles establishment. Then Mr. Searles asked her how long she would stay.

It must be remembered that this particular part of the conversation is denied by the sugar man. Mrs. Tierney says she made this reply:

"It depends on how long you want me to stay. I will charge \$500 for the year, with board, fuel and laundry, and \$50 a month for the summer season of, say, six months."

"What did he say to that?"
"That's satisfactory," he told me. "You will begin on May 12 and work till November 12. Now, you go and hire a laundress, who can cook some food enough for the servants. Also get a useful man and go to the Break Hill and get the house there ready."

Spent Sunday with the Family.
Mrs. Tierney says she went to Break Hill with the two servants named on May 18, May 22 Mrs. Searles and the family went to their country residence. Mr. Searles used to come up every Saturday and spend Sunday with the family.

The sugar trustee listened to the evidence of his housekeeper with the same dignity with which he didn't give up the Sugar Trust books when the investigating committee wanted them.

Mrs. Tierney's lawyer told her to proceed. She looked at her employer more haughtily than he looked at her, and proceeded.

Mrs. Searles came up to Buzzard's Bay on June 15. He sent for me to come to a little hall room he had, a sort of a den. I went upstairs and Mr. Searles told me to go to the kitchen and get some food for the servants. Mrs. Tierney, I've been looking over these accounts. I find your butcher bills are entirely too large. You are too extravagant. Why, I see you have been feeding the servants on roast beef.

"Mutton stew is plenty good enough for any servants."

"Well, Mr. Searles," I replied, "there was no restriction placed on me as to what I should buy at the butchers. I got for the servants only such meat as I have been accustomed to get at the Hoagland's and other places I have worked."

Now, nobody, least of all a sugar king, likes to be told, even in the royal kitchen, that he is not the real, swagger proper thing.

She Was Too Extravagant.
"What did Mr. Searles say?" asked the lawyer. This is what Mrs. Tierney says Mr. Searles answered to her mild reproach:

"I've decided, Mrs. Tierney, that we cannot do business together any longer. You are too extravagant. I'll give you \$500 and you may go."

"What did you say?"
"Mr. Searles, I have a contract with you to work till November. Besides, I am three days into my second month."

"Go on."

"I'll give Mrs. Searles a check for \$100 for you, and you can go to-day. I'll send it to you. I answered him: 'I shall go to New York to-day to consult my friends and a lawyer. I'll see if you can't be made to live up to your contract.'"

"Well, go to-day," said Mr. Searles. "There was a terrific thunder storm raging at the time. I asked Mr. Searles if he wanted me to go out in that storm."

"Yes," he replied, "get right out!"
Mrs. Tierney said she went up to her room to pack her trunk.

Mrs. Searles came along and said: "Why Mrs. Tierney, what are you doing?" "Packing up to leave," I answered. "You surely are not going now. In this storm?" "Yes," Mr. Searles told me I must.

"Oh, never mind him," said Mrs. Searles; "that's the way he always does. Wait till tomorrow."

Mr. Searles's eyebrows were observed to rise and fall.

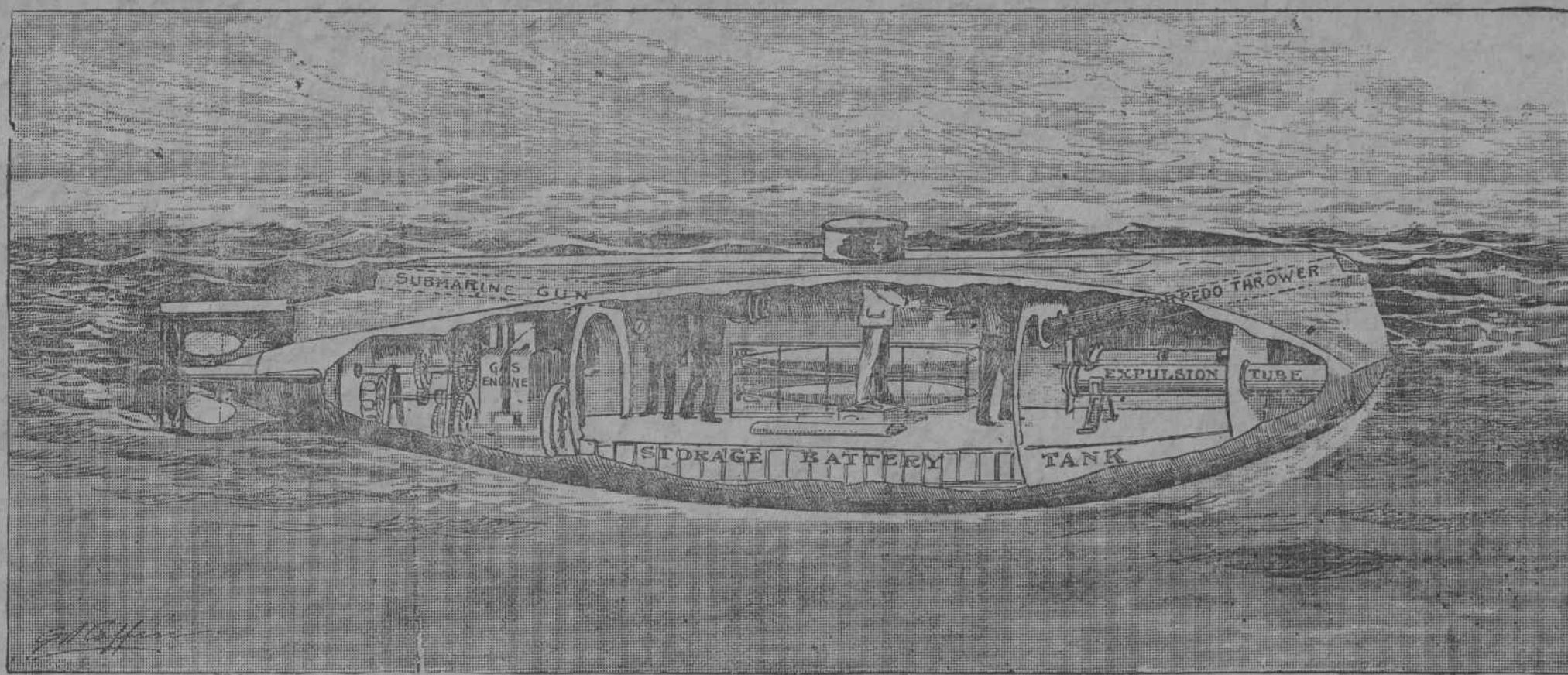
Maybe that was why Lawyer Edward M. Shepard, who represented the rich man, objected feelingly to dragging Mrs. Searles's name into the suit.

Drove Away Like a Lady.
"The wife had nothing whatever to do with this household transaction," said the lawyer.

"Oh, a wife has always something to say about these matters," said Justice Dickey. "In fact, they usually do all the talking. It is competent evidence."

So Mrs. Tierney had the satisfaction of

SUBMARINE BATTLE BOAT SOON TO BE LAUNCHED.



John P. Holland Describes the Workings of His Sunken Torpedo Craft for the Journal's Readers.

Editor New York Journal:

OUR object is to turn out a model submarine boat—a type of as nearly perfect busmarine torpedo vessel as it is possible to invent. I have built six of these boats. The first, in 1877, was fourteen feet long, built for private purposes. The second, constructed in 1879, was thirty-one feet long and six feet in diameter. She was built at the Delamater works. Boat number three was a working model, sixteen and a half feet long by thirty inches in diameter. She was built at Jersey City. Number-four—the Zalsinski boat, forty by eight feet, was built at Fort Lafayette. Number five, now in construction at Baltimore, is eighty-five by eleven and a half feet, of 168 tons displacement.

No. six, the boat we are about to launch, is 53 feet long by 10 feet 3 inches in diameter. Her displacement is 75 tons. I intended to put in 300 horse-power engines, but found that they would have to be manufactured to order, so we have a 50 horse-power gasoline engine, and a 50 horse-power electric motor engine, which will give us twelve knots an hour under or on the surface of the water. For a single hour the electric engine is capable of 150 horse-power.

We want to demonstrate the power and value of a submarine boat of this size, containing the highest type of machinery and warlike implements known. As to its success I have no doubt. The second boat I built, which was dubbed the Fenian Ram by a newspaper man, carried me all over New York harbor under water. I could steer it in any direction and raise or lower it at will. The boat was not intended for the Fenians, but was a legitimate business enterprise in the way of submarine boat building. Of course, it was a crude affair, compared with what we are now building. Then electric storage batteries were unknown. The chief objects we are now after are speed and power. Our present boat will carry three Whitehead torpedoes, a dozen projectiles for the aerial torpedo thrower, each containing 100-pound charges, with a range over the water of 1,800 yards.

With this boat we can bombard a fort, whose guns will be helpless to return fire, for the boat cannot be seen. With it we can enter any harbor, regardless of torpedoes or obstructions, and blow away every impediment in its path. Havana could be reached and bombarded in spite of the Spanish fleet.

The first and greatest desideratum in a submarine boat is simplicity. Each man has one thing to do and nothing else. The crew will consist of one pilot, one "operator" or assistant pilot, on electricity, one engineer and two torpedo experts. Six men can run this boat under any feet of warships. In any harbor, attack anything on land or sea, and at the same time disappear after each discharge of guns and always be out of reach of the enemy's fire. There is very much less danger in a submarine boat of this kind than on any surface boat. If we make a success, and these boats become an established feature of marine and naval service, they will be used for carrying passengers through the rough sea between Dover and Calais. They are absolutely safe, and free from motion. Neither fogs nor storms can have any effect on them. There will be no collisions, for they sail far below the deepest ocean liners. The passage across the English Channel can be made along the bottom of the sea in from one to two hours. With compressed air in steel tubes, such as we use in this boat, the ventilation will be perfect. These tubes stand a pressure of 5,000 pounds to the square inch.

When our boat goes to sea for business, she will carry one aerial torpedo thrower, one submarine gun, one Whitehead expulsion tube. Even when in action there will be no great inconvenience from recoil or the explosion. The indicators will show exactly where we are. If we approach land, a little bell rings the warning. It will be exactly like riding in a well-lighted, comfortably seated railway car through a tunnel.

I should now like to be in the Dardanelles with a boat like ours. It would be easy to

plant a few charges of dynamite under the Turkish fleet and blow their big ships to fragments.

I consider that there is nothing problematic about this system of submarine warfare. Every point has been demonstrated. We are now making a more perfect model with the highest class of machinery to work it.

In 1883, when I was sailing around on the bottom of New York harbor, I found that we could go anywhere with perfect safety. Off Castle Point, Hoboken, we were within three feet of the rocky bottom and forty-seven feet below the surface. Yet at that depth the engine worked perfectly, giving us a speed of nine miles an hour. With our present boat I expect to go sixteen knots an hour before I finish with her.

The difference between a boat of this type and an ordinary torpedo boat, which sails on the surface, is beyond words to express. In rough weather, life on a torpedo boat is horrible. After a rough trip the crew have to be sent to a hospital for treatment. In a gale such a boat could not live. We are indifferent to storms. We can accompany a fleet of the biggest war ships in the wildest sea. Besides the quarters for the crew, we have a cabin 15x10 feet for the accommodation of experts or visitors who may accompany us. The temperature in the engine rooms of rams and torpedo boats is almost insupportable. We shall be perfectly cool, having the temperature of the sea surrounding the boat. While ships are covered with ice, we, deep in the sea, will be as comfortable as by our firesides at home. The boat will not be in danger of sinking, as she is always sunk. She cannot leak, because her double bottom is always filled with water for ballast.

If I had a contract to attack Havana, I would skim the bottom of Havana bay, rise to the surface and with the camera-obscure see on a sheet of paper before me a picture of the harbor with its shipping. I would ram holes in the ordinary warships and blow up the armored vessels. If I did not wish to sink them, I would use the aerial torpedo guns and cave in the decks, then practise on the forts at my leisure. The power of these weapons is enormous. The muzzle energy of the submarine gun is 750 foot tons, enough to force projectiles through any obstruction.

In using the torpedo thrower, the recoil from the gun pushes the boat back into the water out of sight, so that she cannot be located by the enemy. The twenty-one tons of electrical storage batteries in the bottom of the boat, always keep her right side up, the centre of gravity being always under the centre of buoyancy. In our fifty-three foot boat we shall carry enough gasoline fuel in tanks surrounded by sea water to make a 2,000-mile voyage. The telescopic turret can be projected three feet above water in from one to two seconds. The pilot inside can thus obtain a view of his surroundings. When that is impossible, the camera-obscure thrust above the water will throw a picture of the harbor or sea for miles around—throw it down a tube on to a sheet of white paper, giving a photographic view of all that is going on above the sea.

John P. Holland.

DEATH PENALTY FOR KINDNESS.

Gus Gunderson Dying of Hydrophobia in a Chicago Hospital.

HE RESCUED A HUNTED DOG

The Animal Went Mad in the Night, and Bit Him When He Tried to Quiet It.

Chicago, May 7.—Gus Gunderson is paying with his life for indulging as kind an impulse as ever merciful man felt. He is dying at the County Hospital in all the horror and agony of hydrophobia, and nothing can be done for him.

At intervals he is lucid and understands thoroughly his awful situation. Then he begs to be killed.

Gunderson saw on the street the other day a little, shivering, half-starved dog. The animal had been stoned by boys and harried almost to death. Gunderson and a friend rescued it and Gunderson took it home.

Wanted the Dog for Company.
"I'm going farming right away, and he will be company for me," Gunderson said. Gunderson fed the dog and made a bed for him of an old coat, which he laid in the hall of the house where he was temporarily living.

During the night the dog roused the household with his growls and barking. Gunderson got up and tried to quiet the dog, but the animal, which had cowered and crawled when he rescued it from the streets, now snarled and snapped at him. He reached out his hand to pat the dog's head, and the vagrant sprang at him and bit him in the face. It was the merest scratch, just enough to show blood, and Gunderson paid no attention to it. The next morning the dog was as fierce and was obviously sick, so Gunderson shot him.

That was a month ago. Gunderson went to the farm in La Salle County and worked along apparently in perfect health until last Wednesday morning. Then he tried to take a drink of water. They saw him place the glass to his lips; then he threw it down and cried that he could not swallow. Presently he

went down in a spasm, gagging and coughing and tearing at his throat.

The Spasms Increase.

He became worse during the day, the spasms coming with greater frequency and violence. Yesterday he was brought to the County Hospital. Doctors and surgeons tried their skill on him, but science knows nothing that will help a victim at such a stage. They have tried to make his death easy with large quantities of morphine, but the fever and excitement is so great that they cannot keep him under the influence of the drug for long. And every time he wakes from the narcotic-induced sleep he begs the doctors to kill him and end his misery.

Most of the time he is insane for water, which he cannot drink.

"Water, oh, just a drop!" he shrieks, as he lies in a straitjacket, with his limbs chained to his cot. But if they brought the water it would only make his spasms worse. During a lucid moment he asked for a minister, and Rev. W. W. Diehl, of Ashland Boulevard Methodist Church, was called.

"Say something good to a wicked sinner," moaned Gunderson as the minister entered the room. "My time is over, and I want to reform. I once thought it would be too late to come to Christ at the last hour, but I feel different now."

The minister knelt beside the sufferer and prayed for him. The prayer was interrupted by poor Gunderson's cries. He coughed and barked, and retained his consciousness, and during the interval of his suffering he thanked the minister for his kindly offices.

His father and sister were admitted to his side. They bade him good-by, as he lay exhausted after an awful spasm.

As they passed out Gunderson resumed his cry for water. That cry will be on his lips from now to the end, the doctors say, but the end cannot be long in coming.

AMERICAN HORSE'S FAITH.

Sioux Chief Tells Senator Pettigrew He Believes Christ Will Come Again and to the Indians.

Washington, May 7.—American Horse, the celebrated Sioux chief who is here with the Red Cloud in the interest of proper food and clothing for his tribe, was asked to-day by Senator Pettigrew to explain the ghost dance. American Horse replied:

"I do not believe in the ghost dance, but I approve of it for my young people. The missionaries have come among us and have told us that the Saviour will come on earth again. Our people believe it, and I do not blame the young men for getting enthusiastic over it once in a while, and having their periods of dances and religious experiences."

"Do you think the Saviour will come to the Indians?" inquired Senator Pettigrew. "Of course I do," responded American Horse. "The last time He was on earth He came to the white men and they killed Him."

Buffalo Courier Changes Hands.
Buffalo, May 7.—The Buffalo Courier was sold this afternoon to W. J. Connors. The terms were private.

MRS. TILTON LEFT A SNUG FORTUNE.

Will of the Heroine of the Famous Beecher Trial to Be Filed.

WAS A WISE INVESTOR.

Her Valuable Real Estate Will Go to Her Daughter and Her Church.

The will of Mrs. Elizabeth B. Tilton will be filed for probate this week and will, it is claimed by those aware of its contents, prove a great surprise.

It has been generally supposed that when Theodore Tilton and his wife separated the latter was provided with an income that would comfortably keep her for the rest of her days. It was not known though that, in addition to this income, she received a bulk sum, which, when combined with what subsequently came to her from her own family and what she had saved during her married life, made up a modest little fortune. This, it is stated, was invested in Brooklyn and New York real estate, which has increased materially in value.

Ever since the famous trial, in which her name was associated with that of Henry Ward Beecher, she has practically lived the life of a recluse. She withdrew entirely from the large circle of friends among whom she had been so popular, and began, as it were, a new life, with new acquaintances and an ambition only to prepare herself for the hereafter. In fact, her only associates were the members of the Plymouth Brethren, who believe in the comforting doctrine of the assurance of salvation. To them it is a positive belief that they are saved only through the atoning sacrifice of Christ.

The secret of Mrs. Tilton's strength, her friends assert, was her profound belief in this assurance.

The bulk of her estate will go to her daughter and a goodly share to the religious sect presided over by the Rev. Malachi Taylor, who conducted her funeral service. It is understood that there are no bequests outside of these two. In addition to the Atlantic avenue residence, which was her home for many years, she purchased property some years ago on Sixth avenue, which has almost doubled in value since the building of the elevated roads.

Another place which was farming land when she acquired it is said to be situated in the annexed district. A few years ago this was cut up into building lots. A street had been opened through the property and at the present time one lot represents in value what she owned when she bought it.

Mrs. Tilton had great confidence in a Brooklyn real estate for investment purposes and did not hesitate to part with all her money in that direction. That her judgment was not at fault in this respect is demonstrated by the value of her holdings at the time of her death.

From the day of her trouble, when her name became a household word all over the civilized world, Mrs. Tilton had not looked at a newspaper. In the winter of 1888, when no paper ever entered her home, she kept herself posted on the events of the day only through intercourse with her members of the religious society with which she worshipped. They and her daughter formed her world. She seldom went out and she never was seen in public, and made a marked effort to avoid her old friends and associates. Living as she did, it was often commented upon that she did not leave Brooklyn and begin life anew, where the great sorrow of her past was unknown.

Once it is said, she remarked that she loved Brooklyn, and would never be satisfied to reside elsewhere. She was always a great admirer of her husband's literary abilities, and eagerly read everything he wrote up to the time her eyesight failed her. Then her daughter performed the task for her.

TO IMPROVE NEWPORT.

F. Cope Whitehouse Has Determined to Make That Resort as Beautiful as Anything in Europe.

F. Cope Whitehouse, the indefatigable globe trotter, society and club bachelor, has taken Newport as his headquarters.

The first important result of this will be evidenced at the Franco-American fete, to be held at the city by the sea on July 12, 13 and 14. On the first of these fete days society will celebrate the dedication of the pier. The battle of flowers will be the feature of the fete on July 13. There will be competition along the line of the boats on this occasion. There are but few of the fashionable set at Newport who have not participated in the annual battle of flowers at Nice, and in consequence will not need posting on the point.

F. Cope Whitehouse has rather a peculiar origin for such a stirring public spirited individual. He is a son of the late Bishop Whitehouse, of Illinois, who was a well known New York clergyman prior to his assuming the episcopal dignity. F. Cope Whitehouse has become particularly prominent within a few years through his plans for irrigating the desert. He now is the owner of 182 miles of the Sahara Desert.

Mr. Whitehouse's brother, W. C. Whitehouse, has an establishment at Newport, and it was while visiting him a couple of seasons since that he first summed up the deficiencies of the resort.

Every one was surprised that Mr. Cope Whitehouse persisted in tarrying at Newport during the winter. In point of fact he was so absorbed in his enterprises that the dreariness and dullness was unheeded.

The first immediate result will be the grand new esplanade on the south side of the harbor opposite the great line rocks. This will not be as fine as those of many watering places abroad, but it will be a tremendous improvement gone without saying. There is this much also to be said that it will become progressively better each season.

Up-State Minister Drops Dead.
Monticello, N. Y., May 7.—The Rev. J. B. Williams, aged seventy-two years, dropped dead at his home at White Lake to-day. He was pastor of the Covenant Church, in which he had preached for over fifty years. This is the only church of its kind in Sullivan County.

For You To-day.
This morning, between the hours of 9 and 12 o'clock only—Kling, the well-known clothier, will sell Men's English worsted and cassimere pants at \$1.20 a pair.

King's cor. Broadway and Park place, opposite the Post Office—also Men's stylish Derby Hats for these 3 hours only at 78c. and Men's fine chevrol overplaid suits, sizes to fit all at \$4.00, value \$12.

King's Clothing House, corner Broadway and Park place. The real bargain corner.—Adv't.



Mrs. E. G. Tierney, Who Sued Sugar King Searles.